

# THE COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT.

I have sworn upon the Altar of God, eternal hostility to every form of Tyranny over the Mind of Man.—Thomas Jefferson.

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## POETRY.

FOR THE DEMOCRAT.

To Miss \*\*\*\*\*.

I love thee yet, and dearer far,  
Art thou to me than gems or gold;  
Oh let me look upon thee now,  
For my poor heart is sad and cold.

How could you treat the heart with scorn  
That fondly lov'd thee—these alone,  
And when I sought to know the cause  
Why speak in such unkindly tone.

But it is past, the dream is o'er,  
And I have wak'd to feel the pain,  
Of hopes long cherish'd—blighted now;  
And hope I ne'er may dream again.

Yet when I gaze, as I have gaz'd,  
Upon thy calm and placid brow,  
The thoughts and feelings of the past,  
Bow down my weary spirit now.

Oh I had visions once as bright  
As these which angles only know,  
So pure so sweet so full of hope,  
Which made my heart a heaven below.

But now alas! that heart so bless'd  
With joyful dreams of love and light,  
Is chang'd into a dreary waste,  
And vanish'd are those visions bright.

But think not though there's none but thee,  
Can give my wounded spirit peace,  
That I will kneel to you again  
For all thou hast of earthly bliss,

No, sooner than I'd be that thing,  
To ask thee for thy love again,  
I'll lay me down in misery,  
And be, the wretched one I am.

A. L. S.

From the Knickerbocker.

## STANZAS TO A LADY.

BY REV. WALTER COLTON.

The hand that prints these accents here  
Was never clasped in thine;  
Not has thy heart, with hope or fear,  
E'er trembled back to mine.

And yet, from childhood's early years,  
Some being like to thee,  
Unseen, amid my doubts and tears,  
Hath sweetly smiled on me.

And oft, in dreams, I've twined the wreath  
Above her eye of flame;  
Then listened, as if some bird might breathe  
The music of her name.

And oft have vainly sought to trace,  
Amid the fair and young,  
The living type of this sweet face,  
On Fancy's mirror flung.

But, in its unressemble form,  
The shadow dwelt with me,  
Till unperceived, life-like and warm,  
It softly fell on thee.

Then into substance passed the shade,  
With charms still more divine,  
As on thy face its features played,  
And lost themselves in thine.

High Flown.—A Spanish poet carries  
the poetry of Heaven to its highest possible  
sublimity when he calls a star 'a burning  
doubloon of the celestial bank.'

## FOREIGN.

### SEVEN DAYS LATER FROM ENGLAND.

By the packet ship Oxford, Rathbone, we have received seven days later intelligence from England.

The principal piece of news is the splendid pageant in Paris called the Funeral of Napoleon. All the English papers are filled with the particulars.

The weather has been very cold in England, with much snow.

BONAPARTE.—Napoleon landed at St. Helena Oct. 15, 1815; his body was carried thence Oct. 15, 1840.

The weather has been intensely cold in Paris. This prevented a row when the Napoleon ceremony took place.

### INTERMENT OF NAPOLEON'S REMAINS IN PARIS.

The great pageant of interring the remains of Napoleon in the Invalides took place on Tuesday, 15th December. The whole line of the procession from the banks of the Seine to the Hotel des Invalides was adorned on both sides with military trophies, and a more magnificent pageant, all the accounts agree in saying, has never been witnessed, even in Paris. From four in the morning undeterred by the coldest day that has been experienced during the present winter in France, thousands proceeded to the several advantageous positions which different localities presented for the viewing of the procession.

At nine o'clock the first gun was fired, on the banks of the Seine, at Courbevoie, where a park of artillery was stationed.—This became the signal for the commencement of the proceedings of the day. From the temple, erected on the left bank of the river, the Abbe Coquerneau and a numerous clergy, in full canonicals, then issued and proceeded towards the steamer La Dorade which had been brought close up to a wooden esplanade, forming a communication between the shore and its deck. His Royal Highness the Prince de Joinville met them as they approached between two lines of troops and, after the exchange of salutations turned towards the vessel lined by the sailors from La Belle Poule, a body of whom proceeded to raise the coffin, and transported it to the temple, the priests going before chanting, according to the usage of the Catholic church. The remains of the Emperor were deposited there for two hours, the religious rites which were there performed, having lasted thus long. The immense concourse of people who were assembled at the spot, viewed this portion of the proceedings in solemn silence, the roar of artillery alone sounding through the atmosphere.

We subjoin an account of the procession at its principal stages.

#### ESPLANADE OF THE INVALIDES.

At an early hour, the immense amphitheatres erected on each side of the avenue leading from the quay to the principal entrance of the Hotel des Invalides, began to receive those whom fortune had favored with tickets, and although the number of tickets delivered amounted to 30,000, there was ample accommodation for at least 100,000 more. In spite of the piercing cold which prevailed, and the likelihood of snow, which fell more than once; though but slightly, during the day, all those provided with tickets were present at their post, some even as early as eight A. M. although the procession was not expected, even by the most sanguine, to reach the Hotel des Invalides before two P. M. so great was the desire to obtain a glance, not of the remains, but the car which contained the remains of him who had raised the military glory of France to such a height, and whose tyranny had been expiated by a wretched death in a foreign land, severed alike from his country and his family, and attended but by a few faithful followers, who adhered to their master, even in his fallen fortunes. Honor to their names! One of these gallant servants General Bertrand, was present,

and was one of the principal attractions of the day. Another was expected to have been there, General Montholon. His noble letter, addressed a few days since to the French Government, supplicating the permission to pay anew the last sad duties to that master whose exile he had shared, should, according to many, have procured him that painful pleasure, even had his attendance at the ceremony entailed the necessity of a pardon. This, however, was not the opinion of the government, for no General Montholon was perceived amid the splendid throng of dignitaries who preceded the remains of Napoleon to their last home.

Several hours elapsed before the funeral car made its appearance, and it was painful to remark how little dignity was preserved in the interim.

At length, however, the funeral car was perceived on the other side of the river, and some order was restored; the troops that had piled their arms hastened to snatch up their muskets and to form their ranks.

Previous to this a large bird of prey was observed hovering over the Esplanade, and this, by some, was immediately converted into an eagle. Had this occurred when Rome was in her infancy, it would doubtless have been considered as an omen, or that Jupiter had sent his aerial messenger, the bearer of his thunderbolts, to welcome the departed hero previous to his translation to Olympus. As it was, it exercised a certain effect.

At a little before one, the head of the procession was seen coming slowly forward, and the sight became gradually more and more beautiful. Here it is necessary to give a short description of the ground leading from the quay to the principal entrance of the Invalides. It consists in a long straight avenue, at the bottom of which, with its back to the water, stood the colossal statue of the emperor: the avenue was lined with the statues of the principal monarchs that France has produced, and that Immortality has already claimed as her own. These stood in the following order:

Macdonald	Lebau
Mortier	Jourdan
Massena	Ney
Lannes	Kellerman
Kleber	Latour d'Auvergne
Desaix	Hotche
Marceau	Duguy Trouin
Yauban	Turenne
Conde	Louis XIV
Henry IV	Bayard
Francis I.	Louis XII.
Duguesclin	Joan of Arc
Charles VII.	Charles V.
Louis IX.	Philip Augusta
Hugh Capet	Charles Martel
Charlemagne	Clovis

It certainly was a noble idea to make Napoleon pass through this long line of heroes and kings, who seemed as it were, to welcome the mighty dead—the equal of the highest in rank, the superior of the most celebrated in renown, to the illustrious asylum chosen for his mortal remains.

At length the car was seen—the mighty car, drawn by 15 black horses, covered with gold housings—the car brilliant beyond compare, and yet neither deficient in taste nor void of mournful semblance. And here perhaps was the most beautiful sight of the day. The central road filled with troops, and the procession advancing between the colossal statues, just described: separated from one another by arms emitting a lurid light, while the background was filled on either side by the multitude, shut up in the immense amphitheatres provided for the occasion, and by numerous masts, from which tri-colored streamers were gracefully floating in the air, formed a sight replete with such beauty and interest, that "those who saw can surely ne'er forget."

As the car passed, each head was uncovered; and although the shouts of 'Vive Napoleon! Vive l'Empereur!' joined in the cries of 'Vive le Roi! Vive Prince de Joinville!' were few and far between, a certain degree of emotion prevailed, and many an eye was suffused with tears.

Some sensation was excited by a body of non-commissioned officers on horseback, 57 in number, bearing flags with the names of the 57 departments of France, including Algeria. These flags were surmounted by a gold eagle with out-stretched wing, and gave to the passing scene the air of a Roman triumph. The foremost of this body was the officer bearing the flag, representing Corsica, the birth-place of Napoleon.

The car was immediately preceded by the Prince of Joinville, on horseback, in the uniform of captain of the navy, attended by his staff, and accompanied on each side by 200 of the sailors of the Belle Poule, the frigate despatched by the French Government to St. Helena, to bring home the remains of the Emperor.

It was half-past two when a salute of twenty-one guns announced that the funeral car had reached the gate of the Invalides; the sailors of the Belle Poule instantly commenced their preparations to descend the body from the car. A great struggle was here made to obtain a glimpse of the coffin as it was borne by thirty-six sailors into the Cour Royale of the Invalides, where the Archbishop of Paris, attended by all his clergy was waiting to receive it.

#### THE CHURCH OF THE INVALIDES.

The interior of the church was filled at an early hour by the persons who came in carriages, and were allowed to go in by the southern entrance.

Those who went on foot, and entered by the gate-way of the esplanade, found nearly all the seats occupied when they got in.

At two o'clock the arrival of numerous generals with their aides-de-camp, and the bustle of the orderly officers, announced that the royal cortege from the Tuileries was at hand, and a salute of 21 guns ushered in the arrival of the King. The drums in the nave beat a royal salute, and the archbishop, preceded by the clergy, advanced towards the end of the nave, as if to receive his Majesty; but there was some mistake in this part of the ceremony, for the procession, before it reached the great door, was stopped, and had to return.

The king and the royal family did not come up the nave, but went at once to the dome. His Majesty, wearing the uniform of the national guard, took his seat on the throne prepared for him, to the right of the altar. Near the king were the princes and his majesty's aides-de-camp. On the left of the altar was the archbishop of Paris, with the bishops assisting—the Cures-des-Invalides, and the clergy. In an enclosed near the king were the queen, the princesses, and the ladies in attendance. Under the dome, around the catafalque, the ministers and marshalls were stationed. In the left branch of the transept were the members of the Chamber of the Deputies, and on the right were the peers and members of the Council of State. In two enclosed seats were the judges and officers of the Courts of the Cassation and accounts.—Next to these on the right, were the members of the Cour Royale, the Council General of the Seine, and Municipal Council of Paris, having at their head the prefect of police, the staff officers of the national guard, and the army, and the Council of Admiralty. On the left were the members of the University, the institute, and other learned bodies, and the tribunals of First Instance and Commerce, the staff of the Hotel des Invalides, prefects and mayors of departments, &c.

A little before three, two guns, in quick succession, and then 19 others, announced the arrival of the imperial coffin at the entrance of the Hotel. The archbishop immediately went with his clergy to receive it, and to sprinkle it with holy water. At three precisely, the orchestra began a solemn march and the clergy re-entered the nave chanting, and moving slowly towards the dome. At this moment the excitement was intense—the music died away; there was a dead silence throughout the church, and immediately there was seen the imperial coffin covered with its velvet and embroidered pall, on which was the imperial

crown veiled in crape, borne on the shoulders of the sailors, with the young prince behind, the pall bearers at the angles, and a crowd of officers following, which moved up the church at a very rapid rate.

The effect of this at its first coming into the nave, when every one testified their respect by a profound stillness, and all the troops presented arms, was one of the most imposing parts of the ceremony. Before the coffin had however, reached the entrance of the dome, the solemn march was again renewed, and at length burst out into a glorious strain of triumph. Nothing could be finer.

The Prince de Joinville then presented the body to the King, saying—'Sire, I present to you the body of the Emperor Napoleon.'

The King replied, raising his voice, 'I receive it in the name of France.'

General Athalin carried the sword of the Emperor upon a cushion, and gave it to Marshal Soult, who presented it to the king.

His Majesty then addressed General Bertrand, and said—'General, I charge you to place this glorious sword of the Emperor upon his coffin.' This the general then did.

The musical part of the ceremony was as efficient as the united talents of the great performers who took part in it could make it to be. The solemn march played by the orchestra alone, on the return of the clergy, and the entrance of the body, was magnificent. After this, the first voice heard was that of Grisi herself—and it filled with its compass the echoes of the immense edifice. Lablache's deep notes were heard to peculiar advantage.

The service lasted altogether about an hour, but on its termination a great number of the persons who had been in the aisles moved towards the dome to see the catafalque and the splendid decorations of that part of the edifice; and though the last offices of the church were ended by four o'clock, it was after five before the edifice was finally cleared. It is calculated that there were 7000 persons in the interior of the church on this occasion. The Infante and Infanta of Spain, with their family, were present.

The number of national guards of Paris and the banlieue under arms yesterday, is estimated at about 60,000; the divisions of infantry and cavalry, the troops of engineers and artillery, the non commissioned officers, veterans, gendarmerie, municipal guard, sappers, &c. presented an effective force of at least 20,000.

Mehemet Ali.—The definitive offer of submission on the part of Mehemet Ali has been confirmed. The terms of a convention were agreed upon and signed at Alexandria, on the 27th of November, by which the Pacha undertakes immediately to evacuate Syria, and to restore the Ottoman fleet, being guaranteed, in return, the hereditary government of Egypt.

#### WESTERN WOMEN.

One of our exchange papers gives the following account of the doings of one of our fair country-women of the west. She lately left a neighbor's a few miles distant from her residence, about 6 o'clock in the night—travelled home—made that night a pot of soap, knit the whole of the leg of a stocking for herself, set out in the after part of the same night, and travelled on horseback five miles to a neighbor's house, where she left her beast, returned home on foot, capturing on her way one possum, and treeing three coons, which, she afterwards said, she would have shot if she had had a gun—making, in the course of the night, by her skill and judging in traffic, four dollars in trading.

Freemasons.—In Canada and the other English colonies, an order has been issued to the effect that all the Lodges shall go in mourning for the late Earl of Durham, for the term of six months; from the time of his decease. Lord Durham was Pro Grand Master of England.—Standard.